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FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

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DEATH-BED SCENES.

In reading the little work by the Rev. A. C. Thompson, which was briefly noticed last week, we marked several paragraphs for our columns. Referring to the line of Augustine—*Non potest male mori, qui bene vixerit*—No man can die ill who has lived well—the author says that a Scriptural faith, and a consistent Christian life, are in general the only preparation for the great change. If those who doubt this, and think it safe to postpone preparation to the hour of death, will call to mind the death-bed scenes they may have witnessed, and thoughtfully analyze the experiences of that hour, it will go far to remove any such doubt. Those who have not been privileged to behold scenes like these, will find copious food for serious and profitable reflection in the illustrations afforded by Mr. Thompson's book. We give a few extracts:—

DESERING TO DEPART.

Ambrose wrote a treatise, *On the Advantage of Death*. Twenty reasons for denying Life, is the heading of a chapter in one of Richard Baxter's works. Better still are Mrs. Ratcliffe's Seven Reasons why I desire to die. No one but the Christian can intelligently desire to depart. The pagan, whether priest or philosopher, galley-slave or emperor, either struggled with painful misgivings, or else proudly submits himself to a cheerless necessity. "Of all terrible things," said Aristotle, "death is the most dreadful." Carneades as he grew old—and he reached his ninetieth year—betrayed great reluctance to die, and frequently lamented that the same power which had composed the human frame, could dissolve it. Antisthenes, the founder of the Cynic School, in his last sickness, showed very plainly that he was weary of life, yet equally averse to dying. "Where is the friend," said he to Diogenes, "who can free me from my pain?" Diogenes presented him a dagger, saying, "Let this free you." But Antisthenes replied, "I wish to be freed from pain, not from life. The courtly Maeacrus confessed he should prefer to live even under every accumulation of physical calamities: and the emperor Titus, pulling aside the curtains of his bed and looking up to heaven, protested his life was taken from him undeservedly.

LEVITY IN DEATH.

The emperor Caligula had a sharp dispute with Cain Julius, and to cut the matter short, "Do not flatter yourself," said he, "for I have ordered you to be put to death." When the officer came with a warrant for the man's immediate execution, he was playing at a game of chess. Cainus received the summons with all imaginable indifference, and only desired the centurion to bear witness after his death, that he had the best of the game. He took leave of his friends, saying, "You are disputing about the immortality of the soul; I am now going to be convinced of the truth: if I make any discovery upon that point, you shall hear of it." This reminds one of the message that Rabelais is said to have returned from his death-bed to Cardinal du Belay, who had sent to learn his state, "Tell the Cardinal, I am going to try the great *Perhaps*." Poor frivolous wit and ecclesiastic! He had scarcely looked within the lids of that volume in which light and immortality are brought to light.

A singular vanity is sometimes witnessed in death-bed scenes. Augustus Caesar called for his mirror, and ordered his beard and hair to be combed, and his wrinkled cheeks to be smoothed up; as if a little care at the toilet were sufficient preparation for appearing before the King of kings. Lord Byron remarks that during the latter part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some *mot* as a legacy, and that the quantity of facetious last words during that period would form a melancholy jest-book. This strange conceit existed earlier also in the Revolution. While Mirabeau was lying at the point of death, the Assembly directed its attention to the right of making wills. He sent for M. de Talleyrand, and put into his hands a speech which he had written. "It will be curious," said he, "to hear a man speaking against wills who has just made his own." "Support," said he to his servant, "support this head, the greatest in France."

Anne Boleyn appears to have been as vain of her neck as Mirabeau was of his head. Just before her execution she said to the Lieutenant of the Tower, "I hear that the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck;" at the same time putting her hands around it and laughing heartily. It was only the year before that Sir Thomas More, observing the weakness of the scaffold on which he was about to die, said to the executioner, "I pray you see me up safe, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." When he had laid his head upon the block, and saw the man ready with his weapon, "Stay, friend," said he, "till I put aside my beard; for that never committed treason. Sad inconsistency! He made the Pope's supremacy a matter of conscience, and suffered a reputed martyrdom and yet made a jest of death. Had he been contemporary with Petronius, we might perhaps smile at his ill-timed mirth; bearing as he did the Christian name, we can only feel a pity bordering upon contempt.

REMORSE AND DESPAIR.

Charles IX., of France, was a modern Nero, as the memorable St. Bartholomew's massacre, conducted under his auspices, can testify. The day after the butchery of thirty thousand Huguenots, he observed several fugitives about his palace, and taking a fowling piece, fired upon them repeatedly. Was it strange that he died in peculiar horror? "What blood," he cried out, "what murders!"—ah, I have followed wicked advice. "O my God! pardon me and be merciful. I know not I am, I am so perplexed and agitated. How will all this end? I know it! I am lost forever; I know it."

During the Papist persecution in England, one Rockwood distinguished himself for his busy malignity, and in his last sickness he fell to raving, "I am utterly damned!" He was exhorted to ask mercy of God, but he roared out, "It is now too late, for I have maliciously sought the death of many godly persons, and that against my own conscience, and therefore it is now too late." "Write the word *Remorse*; show it to me,"—said John Randolph, on his death-bed.

VANITY OF LIFE.

Severus, who had been raised from an humble station to the sovereignty of the Roman world, declared, "I have been all things, and it amounts to nothing." Philip III., of Spain, as he approached the close of life, desired as his last act, to see and bless his children. He told particularly the prince, his successor, that he had sent for him "that he might learn the vanity of crowns and tiaras, and learn to prepare for eternity."

Taking leave of his friends, Sir Philip Sidney said, "Behold in me the end of this world and all its vanities." Sir John Mason said to

those standing round his bed, "I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and been present at most State transactions for thirty years together; and have learned this, after so many years' experience, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate; and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my privy counsellor's bustles for a hermit's retirement, and the whole life I have lived in the palace, for one hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things forsake me but my God, my duty and my prayers."

How many are arrested by death in the midst of unfinished undertakings! Thus was it with Mohammed II., a Sultan of the Turks; and the inscription on his tomb reads: "I proposed to myself the conquest of Rhodes and proud Italy." Joseph II., of Austria, exclaimed in bitterness of soul, on his death-bed, that his epitaph should be, "Here lies Joseph, who was unsuccessful in all his undertakings!" "Behold," said Cuvier, on his death-bed, to a friend, "he holds a very different person to the man of Tuesday—of Saturday. Nevertheless, I had great things to do. All was ready in my head: after years of labor and research, there remained but to write: and now the hands fail, and carry with them the head."

FORGIVENESS.

Wishart had something more than good nature. At his martyrdom he prayed: "I beseech thee, Father of heaven, forgive them that have, of any ignorance, or else of any evil mind, forgive upon me. I forgive them with all my heart. I beseech Christ to forgive them that have condemned to death this day ignorantly."

The executioner desired his pardon, and Wishart held him to come to him, and kissing his cheek, said, "Lo, here is a token that I forgive you." The Earl of Argyle said upon the scaffold, "I freely forgive all men their wrongs and injuries done against me, as I desire to be forgiven of God." A person repeated his words louder to the people, adding, "This nobleman dies a Protestant." The Earl then stepped forward and said, "I die not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hated of Popery, prelacy, and all superstition whatsoever." "There is one feeling," said Dr. Thomas Scott on his sick bed, "which I cannot have if I would. Those who have opposed my doctrine, have slandered me sadly, but I cannot feel any resentment. I can only love and pity them, and pray for their salvation. I never did feel any resentment towards them. I only regret that I did not more ardently long and pray for their salvation."

P. CRANDALL.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

Mr. EDITOR.—The financial arrangements of our Discipline have one important aim. It is to prevent, as far as possible, a contact between the ministry and the people, on the subject of money. As shown in my last, there is no necessity for a negotiation with the people for a stipulated salary. This is obviated by the provisions alluded to in that article. If the Presiding Elder, the estimating committee, the stewards and the people, are all prompt and faithful, the preacher has very little to care for but his appropriate work. When he reaches his new appointment, has introduced his family into their new home, and has spent a little time in adjusting the household matters, he is ready to enter upon the work of edifying the church and saving souls. It is not only important that the preacher should be able to enter upon his duties in a field without leaving his mind engrossed with temporal cares, but it is equally important that his mind should remain free from such cares while engaged in the prosecution of his labors. Our Discipline provides as well for the latter as for the former. To meet this case, is a main object in the appointment of stewards. While the estimating committee represents both the preacher and the society, the stewards represent the preacher alone. They are to do what the preacher would necessarily have to do, were he left to look after his own temporalities. The appointment of stewards, I have ever considered one of the wisest and most judicious arrangements in the finances of Methodism. When a minister is connected with a society by the ordinary mode of settlement, he is often brought into collision with the people on the subject of money, and these collisions frequently result in alienation, disaffection, bitter feelings, hard words and litigation. But these things can never occur in the operation of our system, when the preacher pursues a proper course and the stewards are true to their office. The question is often started, why the preacher in charge should hold the exclusive prerogative of nominating candidates for the steward's office? The answer will appear obvious, when a right view is taken of the design of the office. It is because the stewards are the representatives of the preacher in his pecuniary interests. It is a just principle, that every one should have a voice in the choice of his own representatives.

It is not an uncommon thing to meet with men who have been appointed to the office of stewards, who entertain very erroneous views of the object of their appointment. They seem to think that they are appointed as the special guardians of the people's pockets—that they are to see to it that the people do not pay too liberally, rather than to excite them to liberality in their contributions for the support of their minister. Is it necessary that there should be from three to seven able bodied men employed in each society to restrain and limit the people's contributions? No! The people will keep their hands close enough upon their pockets without such aid. Stewards should not only be men of "solid piety," and "good natural and acquired abilities," but they should also be men who are capable of comprehending their duty when it is explained to them. But I have met with stewards who, if they possessed the former qualifications, they did not the latter. No mode of illustration or argumentation could be employed, that would introduce the idea into their heads, that their office and duty was, to see that the preacher was properly supported. No doubt could be entertained, either of their sincerity, or their willingness to do what they supposed was right. But they were confirmed in the opinion, that they were the society's representatives, clothed with plenary power, not even under an obligation to consult their constituents, much less the Discipline. Such stewards should be removed, and men of less obtuse intellects should be appointed in their stead; for I am fully per-

suaded that the fault is more in the head than in the heart. The usefulness of the preacher depends very much on the manner in which he is received and treated by the steward, when he first arrives at his appointment. First impressions are lasting. If the preacher meets with an indifferent reception, and with little manifest interest in his and his family's comfort, on the part of the men to whom he is to look for the means of life and comfort, it will make an impression that will not wear off for months, perhaps for a year. This impression will prove a great hindrance to the usefulness of the preacher.

DEATH FROM OLD AGE.

Rarely is there seen a case of death from pure old age. In those who live longest, some disease is usually developed which lays the axe to the root of the tree; but occasionally the body wears itself out, and, without a malady or a pain, sinks into a slow and unperceived decay. All the aged approximate to the condition, and show the nature of process. The organs have less life, the functions less vigor; the sight grows dim, the hearing dull, the touch obtuse; the limbs lose their suppleness, the motions lose their freedom, and, without local disorder, or general disturbance, it is everywhere plain that vitality is receding. The old are often indolent from natural disposition; they are slow in their movements by a physical necessity. With the strength enfeebled, the bones brittle, the ligaments rigid, the muscles weak, feats of activity are no longer possible. The limbs which bent in youth would break in age. Bentley used to say he was like a battered trunk, which held together if left to itself, and would fall to pieces with the jolts and rough usage of better days.

Lord Chesterfield, in his decrepitude, was unable to support the motion of a carriage; and when about to take an airing, said in relation to the foot's pace at which he crept along, "I am going to the rehearsal of my funeral." The expression was one of many which showed that his mind had not participated in the decay of his body; but, even with men less remarkable, it is common for the intellect to remain unbroken amidst surrounding infirmity. The memory alone seldom escapes. Events long gone by retain their hold; passing incidents excite a feeble interest, and are instantly forgotten.

The brain like a mould that has set, keeps the old impressions, and can take no new ones. Living rather in the past than the present the aged naturally love to reproduce it, and grow in discharging the duties of stewards, but for a general rule, they make very indifferent stewards. They are too much like those lawyers on whom the Saviour pronounced, wo, "they lade men with burdens, which they will not touch with one of their fingers." From my own observation, I am convinced that no one thing is more essential to the prosperity of a Methodist society, than a pious, intelligent, large-hearted and efficient board of stewards, except it be a pious, able, and faithful minister. But there is no degree of piety, ability, or fidelity, on the part of a minister, that can altogether supersede the necessity of a good board of stewards.

P. CRANDALL.

DISCIPLINE—STEWARDS.

At the late anniversary of the Evangelical Society of New York city and vicinity, Rev. L. H. Lodge, of Brooklyn, related the following dream which he read when a boy.

The dreamer had been engaged in a discussion with some one upon sectarian differences, and had retired to rest with a strong desire to know which of the sects was right. He dreamed, and beheld a river, deep, and broad, was spread out before him, which he was to pass in order to enter a glorious city on the other side. He finally discovered people crossing the river, although with difficulty, their heads being just above the surface of the water. On the shore he saw a man preparing to pass the flood, dressed in a gown and surplice, with a prayer-book under his arm. He thought he should need his equipage when he arrived on the other side. He stepped in; but in the struggle he lost his gown, bands and prayer book, but came out safely on the other side. Then he saw one with a plain drab coat, and a large-brimmed white hat; and he buttoned up his coat, and pulled his hat over his ears, and stepped in; but in the struggle he soon lost both his coat and hat. Then along came Dr. Watts, with his Psalms and Hymns clinched in his hand, and he got over a few of them, although most of them were washed away. John Wesley came along with a roll of MSS. under his arm, and he stepped in boldly, but the struggle he lost his papers. As to the Baptists, he did not recollect how they came on, but he supposed they were so used to water they got over safely enough. The whole mass of apprentices which were washed off in the passing stream, floated back upon the shore, and there were heaped up in winrows.

I may think, said the preacher, our peculiarities essential; but it may turn out that we shall be obliged to part with them before we reach heaven; we shall have no use for them. For my part, added the speaker, I will not be bound by any of these things that I cannot love all the family of Christ, and enjoy with them the fellowship of saints. The audience listened to this truly catholic address with delight, and it was evident that the spirit which it breathed had a ready response in many hearts."

A NEST OF IMAGES.

Mr. THOMPSON, who is connected with the Mendi Mission in Africa, has the following reference to the idolatry which he observes around him. The account which we find in the American Missionary is instructive:—

I had till now supposed there were no idols or graven images made in imitation of beings in heaven, earth, or hell in all this country, for till I came here, I had seen nothing of the kind as objects of worship. I came to the conclusion that the people were not far enough advanced in the arts to make anything of the kind, and I am still of that opinion, as respects the race now in existence;—that none can be found who "can skill to grave" an image out of rock, as in some countries; but at this place I found what has astonished and confounded me, and for which I have no account, neither the old chiefs who are with me. At the foot of a small tree, where a town stood a long time ago, I find a nest of idols, five graven images, cut out of stone, in the likeness of men and other animals, ranging in size about that of a cat or a monkey. They showed too plainly they could neither deliver themselves nor those who trusted in them, for in "going through the wars," all had been broken, four of them so that it can hardly be told what was their likeness,—one has a head left, another a body, &c.; but one I find with a piece out of the side of his head, and another wound in the leg, but so fair in shape, that I concluded it would make a good preacher in America, and have taken him captive. It has more the likeness of a monkey than anything

else. Now of these idols no one here can give any account, how they were made, or where they came from. They say nobody in this country can make such things now. They used to pray to them and worship them," &c. Nobody can tell who made them. I only conjecture they might have been made and brought to the coast by Spaniards or Portuguese, and sold to the natives for slaves,—perhaps being represented to the ignorant natives as able to save them from war and all trouble, as they now trust in a multitude of other things.

and severe tension each of the two hundred and fifty-seven pairs of muscles in the body. At the same time, I was practicing myself more or less, though with no great regularity, in the "breathing exercises," recommended by the violinist Russell and the physician Fitch.*

My muscular strength began to increase immediately, and so steadily, that for months scarcely a day passed that I did not accomplish some feat impossible to be done the day before. Digestion improved in the same ratio, and soon became perfect. The rich color of health came to my cheek, and elasticity to my step. My weight also increased. When I commenced, it was only one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. At the end of three months, it was one hundred and sixty. In one fortnight I gained twelve pounds, or one each day, "Sundays excepted," and really it was an exhilarating pleasure to bring down the scales to the tune of one additional pound at every visit. (I made a present to my landlady in consideration of this circumstance.) In less than a year my chest had increased in size, by actual measurement, nearly five inches.

The difference in the amount of literary labor, that I was able to accomplish during the first winter's attendance at the Gymnasium, as compared with the previous one, was remarkable. Previously, I was exhausted by ninety minutes of continuous writing, but now I could, and have composed for ten hours, with scarcely an interruption to the motion of my pen. My gymnastics cost time—nearly two hours of solid time out of the business part of the day; but I found it good economy to spend them in this way, as I could accomplish as much in eight hours as before in twelve. And more than this, my "animal spirits" became so exuberant, Joy and hope took the place of gloom and despondency. Existence itself—the mere consciousness of being—was a delight—a luxury, and I felt, when walking, an almost incessant impulse to bound, from the simple excitement of perfect health. And only six months before, life had been a burden with sluggish step I dragged myself about, while a settled foreboding of evil lay cold at my heart.

During the past three years, the usual course of perfect health has been interrupted only when I have neglected the Gymnasium, and by one slight attack of a contagious disease. My case is not an isolated one. I could multiply instances of the most striking restoration of health, of elasticity of mind, and removal of nervous debility, consequent upon faithful attendance at the Gymnasium.

I recall now the case of an acquaintance, who had been attacked with bleeding at the lungs, and was about going South as a *dernier resort*. He was persuaded to try the Gymnasium, and though considered a confirmed consumptive, he went to work, improved daily, and at the last account, stood as fair a chance for good lungs of life. Infancy and age are both toothless; but the teeth of the former are coming, the teeth of the latter are gone—the one is awakening to a world upon which the other is closing its eyes. The two portraits are in perfect contrast. Here activity, there torpor—here curiosity, there listlessness—here the practice of dawning intelligence, there the babbling of expiring dotage.

Decrepitude, which has sunk into imbecility, must be endured by past recollections to be loved; but to despise it is an insult to human nature, and to pity it, on its own account, wasted sympathy. Paley rightly asserted that happiness was with doing old age in its easy chair, as well as with youth in the pride and exuberance of life; and if its feelings are less buoyant, they are more placid. To die piecemeal carries with it a delightful sound, until we learn by observation, that of all destroyers time is the gentlest. The organs degenerate without pain, and dwindling together, a perfect harmony is kept in the system. Digestion languishes, the blood diminishes, the heart beats slower, and by imperceptible gradations they reach at last their lowest term. Drowsiness increases with the decline of the powers; life passes into sleep, sleep into death. De Moivre, the master of calculation, at the age of eighty, spent twenty hours of the twenty-four in slumber, until he fell asleep and awoke no more. His was a natural death, unaccompanied by disease; and though this is uncommon, yet disease itself lays a softer hand upon the aged than the young, as a tottering ruin is easier overthrown than a tower in its strength.

GYMNASIATICS.

We have received Holden's Magazine for January. It contains some good and interesting articles, original and selected. The editor gives his experience of Gymnastics—we quote his words for the sake, mainly, of city readers; our country friends, probably, have enough of a better kind of exercise:—

Three years ago last summer, the writer of this article was a miserable invalid. He was pale, thin, dyspeptic, desponding, and generally uncomfortable to himself and his friends. His chest was sunken, his posture stooping, and his gait listless. This unfortunate state of things was induced by a sedentary life, and too close application to books and the writing desk. Six weeks of out of door exercise in the country wrought some improvement, and if it could be possible, have been continued might have restored vigor; but writing and study must be resumed, and it was a problem how at the same time to recover and retain health. In this emergency, the advantages of the Gymnasium were set forth to me, and I was led to join one. I spent about one hour of each day in the exercises, and followed them with a bath. They consist in ascending a ladder with the hands in different ways, pulling and raising weights, turning the body in rings suspended from the ceiling, throwing the body along parallel bars, and by a variety of methods carrying out the fundamental plan of bringing into full and thorough play

and severe tension each of the two hundred and fifty-seven pairs of muscles in the body. At the same time, I was practicing myself more or less, though with no great regularity, in

Herald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1851.

BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the above association, Jan. 13, it was Voted, That the following names, comprising the present members, be published in the Herald —

NOAH K. SKINNER, President.
JOHN GOVE, Vice-President.
JOHN B. BORRECALE, Secretary.
FRANKLIN RAND, Treasurer.
DR. A. B. SNOW, Auditor.
THOMAS PATTEN, Director.
ISAAC H. BARNES, Director.
B. H. BARNES, Director.
J. BORRECALE, Director.

PLINT NICKERSON, Secretary.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

We last week referred to Hon. O. Fowler's speech on the reduction of postage. Mr. Fowler has shown himself a faithful public servant. He takes a bold stand on all important questions. He argues this question with much ability, as first, the measure that the people ask Congress to adopt, and ask it with singular unanimity. The petitions are numerous; they come from hundreds of thousands of citizens; they are composed of farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants; they comprise the poor and the rich, the unlearned and the learned, the native-born and the immigrant, the people of every trade, occupation and condition—and they all ask with united voice, for two cents. Not a single petition nor a single petition nor a single cent is asked for three cents or five cents. All ask for two cents a letter. Let their prayer be granted. Their well-being and the true glory of the Republic will be advanced by giving them bread, the bread of knowledge, and not a stone.

Second, he urges this measure as founded upon true policy. It will bring all mail matter into the mail, and thus do away with private mails and special expenses for mail matter, and increase the income of the Department. From this source alone, not less, probably, than \$500,000 will be made available for postal purposes. If we would suppress private mails, we must reimburse them. With our Government facilities it can be done. Make the post office the cheapest vehicle of transmitting mail matter, and it will be the most popular.

Third, he urges this measure as a postal revenue measure—as the best revenue measure that can be justly and safely adopted.

Two cents a letter is not so high as to be burdensome nor so low as to pay the Department. It is an ample compensation for the transportation of letters, and for the post office labor bestowed upon them.

The measure has been tried in England, and tried with complete success. The year preceding that trial, (1839,) the number of mailed letters in that country was seventy-six millions. The first year of the trial, (1840,) the number increased to one hundred and sixty-nine millions of letters. The eighth year of the trial, (1848,) the number was three hundred and forty-six millions of letters. Thus the increase of letters, from 1839 to 1849, was nearly five-fold. In this country, the result, so far as the trial has been made, has been similar to that in England, and is sufficient to warrant the adoption of the measure which Mr. Fowler proposes.

Since preparing the above, the Postage Bill has passed the House. The following are its principal features. Postage on each letter weighing under half an ounce, 3 cents. No post office or route shall be discontinued, or compensation to postmasters be diminished in consequence of the passage of this act. On printed matter, of no greater weight than two ounces, 1 cent; bound books, weighing not over 30 ounces, to be deemed mail matter. Newspapers delivered in the State where printed, chargeable only with half the foregoing rates. No postage on newspapers sent to actual subscribers in the county where printed or within 30 miles; 50 per cent. to be deducted from postage of magazines when prepaid. Three cent pieces, three fourths silver and one fourth copper, to be coined. Stamps, as now, to be provided and sold at post offices. Forgery of stamps to be punished by fine and imprisonment. A million and a half to be appropriated to meet deficiencies in the revenue. Letters uncalled for in the period of two weeks, to be published once only. The Postmaster General to establish suitable places of deposit for cities and towns, to be collected and delivered by carriers at 1 or 2 cents each.

NEW METHODIST COLLEGE, WESTERN NEW YORK.

Our brethren in the "Geneese Country" seem to be pushing their new college project with great energy. We learn from the Northern Advocate that the work of endowment, which includes both the college and seminary, has gone on, till the Trustees are able to report, in available funds, \$125,000; and still their course is onward, with a determination not to stop short of \$150,000. A contract for a new college building was let last fall, at \$15,000, and the builder is pushing forward his job, so as to have it completed early next season; the basement walls are up, and the brick are made for the body of the house; it is to be one hundred feet long, and sixty wide, and four stories high; the front will be ornamented with a piazza. Until this building is finished, there will be a want of room, for, large as the seminary is, it cannot hold the hundreds while the numerous scholarships are constantly bringing to its doors. The Trustees intend shortly to erect another edifice of the same size of that which is now under contract. Application will again be made to the Legislature to assist the enterprise, and our brother editor of the Northern Advocate thinks there is no reason to doubt that body, hitherto so liberal to colleges, will make a grant corresponding to the claims of the institution. Western New York is a fertile field for Methodism; we doubt not that it will, before long, be foremost in importance in all our church. Its people are ready for every good word and work, not excepting godly "agitations." Bro. Hosmer is leading them right. This has something to do with the explanation. Notwithstanding the fears of some good, prudent men, the actual statistics of the church will show that those sections of it which are most addicted to these "violent agitations" are most energetic in our more appropriate work, and most flourishing in all great denominational interests.

DR. BUNTING.

A correspondent of the Christian Guardian, Canada, gives some interesting particulars respecting English Methodism. Remarking on noticeable changes he says—"I was, however, most affected with the ravages which time has made during the last ten years upon the once manly and athletic frame of the venerable Dr. Bunting. My first meeting with him was unexpected and accidental. He had just left the Mission House for his own house; he had crossed Bishopsgate street into Threadneedle street, expecting an omnibus to pass, and moving on towards the Bank of England. When I met him, my attention was at once arrested by the noble appearance of an old man, supporting himself by his cane, and able to step not more than six or eight inches at a time. I felt certain that I had seen him, and while pausing to try and recognize him, he recognized me, and called me by name—thus evincing, in the extreme weakness and almost crumpling of his bodily system, the quickness of his perceptions, and the retentiveness of his memory. His expressions and manner were very affectionate, and to me most affecting. I hastened to the Mission House for my Canadian letters and papers, and returning in about two minutes, offered Dr. Bunting the support of my arm, which he accepted—remarking, 'you see that time is making great inroads upon me; my legs are too weak to support what is placed upon them, and my spinal column has become too feeble to sustain what is inserted into it.' He immediately asked respecting my family, the pleasantness of my passage—remarked upon the improvements in steam navigation, the state of the Wesleyan Church in Canada and in England, the nature and extent of the recent and existing agitations, and the indi-

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cations of their probable issue. In these remarks Dr. Bunting evinced all his former mental acuteness and power, which contrasted most strikingly and affectingly with his almost total bodily helplessness. He still attends the Mission House, and shows no abatement of his former judgment and ability in matters of business; and even preaches occasionally. I purpose to hear him on Sunday morning next, preach one of the anniversary sermons of the Spitalfields Chapel."

FLAX AGAINST COTTON AND SLAVERY.

No little interest prevails at present, not only in the little world, but in the philanthropic world, about some recent inventions in England in the manufacture of flax. An exchange paper says this invention is for preparation of flax, by separating the fiber from the stalk without steeping it, and producing it in a state in which it can be spun and woven by cotton machinery. The process is said to secure the softness of cotton with the durability of linen. And it is further said that the cost of the material is less than the present price of cotton. Experiments have been made which have put the master beyond a question. The cotton gin gave development to the cotton culture and importance to American slavery; without it slavery would probably by this time have been scarcely a question among our national interests. This new flax invention, it is confidently asserted, threatens to "knock" the cotton gin and slavery itself all "into pie," as the printers say. One of the papers declares that, if realized, it will produce great changes in the business of the world; it will give new value to the bogs of Ireland, and probably arrest the course of emigration from that country; it will destroy the dependence of England on our Southern States for the raw material for her manufactures; it will depress the value of the labor of "sinews bought and sold"; it will bring the free labor of the North into more effectual competition with the slave labor of the South. This subject has already attracted the attention of the South. The Richmond Whig speaks of its bearing on Southern interests—

If you would have an effectual trial, that flax prepared in a particular way can be substituted for cotton, so as to enable Great Britain to dispense with our Southern staple, a mighty effect will be produced upon the value of property in the Southern States. The price of lands and slave property will at once be diminished, and business arrangements entered into upon the present value of that species of property. The cotton gin has produced, probably a crash that will be felt over the entire country. A lesson would thus be read upon the mutability of human affairs. The political consequences resulting from the change would be most important. A considerable diminution in the wealth and power of the Southern Slaveholders would have a marked effect upon their political relations with the North. The importance of their friendship as well as the dread of their enmity would thereby be decreased. The Cotton Treaty, to be negotiated with England, which not long since, we had occasion to discuss, and through which the Southern States were to cure all the evils of disunion, would be nullified at a single stroke. The cotton gin is the cause of all the good impression which they have made upon the face of society. Never shall I forget the sacramental feast on Sunday night; the Sabbath closing, after preaching by Bro. A. N. Ross, our beloved President, proceeded to consecrate the elements; and while he was doing so, he heard a voice from heaven, which we had one among us, viz. S. A. Williams, who presented with universal satisfaction to our little body. I must not fail to mention the dedication of Bascom Chapel on Sabbath. Bro. O. Fisher preached the dedication sermon. "They all felt for the Lord's sake." \$500 was taken up to finish paying the debt due against the church; also \$21.80 to finish paying for the bell; also, \$36 to paint the house. Total, \$192.80. 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For the Herald and Journal.

IMPROPTU

AT THE CLOSE OF 1850.

Thou art passing away,
Old year—thy reign will soon be o'er;
Thou art numbering up a mystic store,
The records of each day.

Alas! how very brief,
Yet strongly marked the fleeting hours;
Earth's purest gems, and brightest flowers,
Were singed with joy and grief.

Like a half remembered dream,
The shadowy past, when fancy wrought

A vision of hallowed thought,
Impressed with friendship's gleam.

And what a sad array
Of follies past—sins unforgiven—
Vows broken—hearts with anguish riven—
Enstamp thy transient sway.

On, on, the moments speed!
Soon, dirge-like tones from yonder bell,
Will speak the old year's parting knell;
But who its tones will heed?

O let my heart once more
Be raised in prayer to God—old year,
Let one more penitential tear,
Be added to the store.

Father in heaven, forgive!
And let the old year's requiem bear
To thee, my fervent, contrite, prayer,
And let my spirit live.

South Yarmouth. ELIZA.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

From the People's Advocate.

TO MY MOTHER.

Who should I love but you, dear mother?
You loved me when none else I knew;
You loved me when I knew no other;
When life's first breath I drew;
'Twas you my tender form caressed,
And bade me gently to your breast;
When harm made sad my brow,
Your heart was grieved where'er I erred,
You gazed upon my smile with pride—
Can I forget you now?

And when in childhood's happy hour,
Sweet thoughts to me your lips have given;
'Twas you that nurtured the blooming flower,
With happy thoughts of heaven;

And bade me think of Him above,
Who governs all the world with love;
And loved a child like me;

And since experience, dearly bought,
Has these sweet lessons fully taught,
I can but think of thee.

Who should I love but thee, dear mother,
When such affection thou hast shown,
Or how can I the feeling smother,
Or fondest love for thee disown;

And when I view my happy youth,
Methinks I hear thy voice of truth

Fall sweetly on my ear,

In tones of love and sadness too,
That tell me I am far from you,

And start the ready tear.

Yes, mother dear, I love thee still,
My grateful thoughts to thee I give;
And if such thoughts my bosom fill,
I'll love thee while I live.

Though distant from thee now, my heart's
From thee and home can never depart,
Or my affections cease;

And hope with which I still am blessed,
Whispers to cheer the weary breast

Sweet thoughts of coming peace,

And tells me of the happy days

When I from foes and strife depart,

To greet my friends, now far away,

And soothe a mother's breast.

SPIRITUAL RECOGNITIONS.

A little girl, in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fit the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful, and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers, to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious and prayer-loving child was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and, winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say: "Now tell me about my mamma!" And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask, softly: "Take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused; and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—

Bearing all her pain so weakly,

That to them she still grew dearer,

As the trial hour drew nearer!"

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life-spawn was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close in her ear, the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer.

All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan,uddling hands flew up, in the little one's impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine who stood by that bed of joyous death:

"If I had never believed in the ministrations of departed ones, I could not doubt it now!"

"Peace I leave with you," said the wisest spirit that ever passed from earth to heaven. Let us be at "peace," amid the spirit-mysteries and questionings on which His eye shall soon shed the light of eternity.—National Era.

STOP AND MEND THE BUCKLE.

You have read in our own history of that hero, who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunders, but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and like a fast swooping falcon he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him in safety back to his huzzazing comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless walking, bounces off into the business of the day, however good his talents or great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste, or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay before hand, his neighbor is wise who sets all in order before the march begins.—Sailor's Magazine.

THE REASON WHY.

A little fellow came running into the house, exclaiming, "O, sister Mary, I've such a pretty thing. It's a piece of glass, and its all red. When I look through it everything looks red too; the trees, houses, green grass, and your face, and even your blue eyes."

"Yes, John," replied Mary, "it is very beautiful; and let me show you that you can learn a useful lesson from this pretty thing. You remember the other day you thought everybody was cross to you. You said father, mother and I were all the time finding fault with you. Now you were like this piece of glass, which makes everything red, because it is red. You were cross, so you thought everybody around you was cross too. But when you get up in the morning in a good humor, loving and helping everybody, they will seem kind and loving toward you. Now remember, brother, and always be what you wish others to be—kind, gentle, loving; and they, seen through the beautiful color of your disposition, will seem more beautiful than ever."

THE MOTHER'S FLOWER.

"Hallowed forever be the hour
To us, throughout all time to come,
Which gave us thee, a living flower,
To bless and beautify our home."

What a feeling of rushing in upon a mother's heart when a new-born infant is laid in her arms. Gratitude, love, tenderness, solicitude, and a feeling as nearly allied to bliss as any merely human feeling can be, blend in one overpowering emotion. And yet the solicitude is so intense, as to cast floating shadows over the bright sunshine of this hour.

If ever a mother prays, will she not at such a time, entreat the Good Shepherd tenderly to guide her little lamb over the rough and thorny path of life, into the green pastures of the heavenly fold? And if it be her first-born which she looks upon, what a thrill passes over her! She feels herself a new being; life wears a sunnier aspect. Amid smiles and tears, she lifts up her heart to Him, who, by entrusting her with the training of an immortal spirit, has not only opened a new fountain of feeling in her soul, but has laid upon her the deepest and most solemn responsibility. As she looks upon her child, her heart responds to the beautiful sentiments uttered by one in the first experience of a mother's love.

"Oh God! thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose water never more shall rest!"

This beautiful, mysterious thing,

This seeming visitant from heaven,—

This bird, with the immortal wing,

To me—to me thy hand has given.

* * * * *

A silent awe is in my room,

I tremble with delicious fear,

The future, with its light and gloom,

Time and eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;

Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer,

Room for my bird in Paradise,

And give her angel plumage there."

The Broken Bud.

TRY.

No man knows what he can do till he is fully resolved to do what he can. When men have thought themselves obliged to set themselves about any business in good earnest, they have done that which their indolence made them suppose impossible. There are several abilities unknown to the possessor, which lie hid in the mind, for want of an occasion to bring them forth.

For the Herald and Journal.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 49 letters.
My 30, 32, 30, 12, is the father of us all.
My 10, 11, 41, 30, 21, 10, 18, is what Christians should not be found doing.
My 1, 16, 31, 30, 19, is a lady's name.
My 5, 17, 44, is a personal pronoun.
My 42, 40, 37, 38, is a musical instrument.
My 12, 40, 39, 29, is a comfortable article in cold weather.
My 15, 13, 10, is what we all should flee from.
My 9, 12, 13, 42, 43, is a girl's name.
My 31, 48, 30, 45, 37, is an article of food.
My 10, 11, 16, is a nickname.
My 21, 18, is an animal.
My 41, 36, 48, 7, is a fierce animal.
My 25, 38, 30, 47, 11, 8, is what we should not neglect.
My 8, 17, 44, 10, 22, is not square.
My 37, 38, 30, is a beverage that old ladies are fond of.
My 27, 19, 49, 14, 16, is a small animal.
My 8, 15, 18, 28, 24, 46, 49, 36, 10, 4, 15, 34, is what all should possess.
My 7, 8, 10, is an old fashioned table vessel.
My 22, 23, 33, is a part of the foot.
My 29, 30, 28, is an article of gentlemen's clothing.
My whole is a saying that all should read.

ENFIELD, N. H., Jan. 8.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Said one, "There is but a step between me and the grave." This was the experience of a young man a few days since, in Poplin, N. H. ALVIN B. TUCK, while engaged in work, Dec. 13, was killed by a fall of but few feet, which broke his neck, and burst a blood vessel, which caused his instant death. Mr. Tuck was 26 years old, the only son of his parents, and upon whom they hoped to lean in their declining years for support. He experienced religion some six years since, but like too many, neglected some duties, and thereby lost some of the enjoyments of the more faithful. Hopes are however entertained by those acquainted with him, that he is now at rest.

CHAS. H. CHASE.

Epping, Jan. 9.

SISTER FANNY A. DUTTON, wife of Wm. H. Dutton, died, fever, at Windham, Vt., Nov. 16, aged 24 years. Sister D. was converted to God under the labors of Bro. Hutchinson, in 1844, and joined the Methodist E. Church, of which she remained a constant, faithful, and worthy member, until her death; and although death came suddenly and somewhat unexpectedly, yet it found her prepared. We mourn not as those without hope, for we are assured that our loss is her eternal gain, for she has gone to rest. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

Z. S. HAYNES.

MISS REBECCA O., daughter of Rev. Samuel P. and Sarah W. BLAKE, died in Monmouth, Me., aged 22 years. In the death of Sister B., we have another evidence of the triumph of grace in the hour of death. It was truly a privilege to witness her passage over Jordan. In her death, our dear brother and sister have met a great loss. May this affliction be sanctified to the good of the family and friends, and may the surviving sisters remember the exhortation of the departed one.

RUFUS DAY.

MRS. ELIZABETH, wife of Josiah BAKER, died in Portland, Dec. 31, 1850, aged 43 years. She was converted to God in 1831, under the labors of Rev. J. Horton, since which time she has been a worthy member of the M. E. Church in this city. Her sickness was long and distressing, and at times her mind was in a state of depression; yet, she rose above it all, and waited

with patience for the moment to come which would end her woes, and give her a portion with the church of the first-born above. As a wife, a mother, a Christian, she was blameless. May her death be sanctified to the good of her family and the church.

W. McDONALD.

WIDOW MARY BERRY died in Portland, Dec. 12, 1850, aged 69 years. Sister B. was a member of the M. E. Church in this place. Her sickness was but few days' continuance, but she was ready. Death had no sting, it having been extricated by the blood of Christ, and with a hope big with immortality, she left for her better inheritance, leaving behind her the assurance that all was well.

W. McDONALD.

SISTER OROTHY LIVINGSTON died in Walpole, Dec. 24, 1850, in the 32d year of her age, leaving a husband and three children to mourn an irreparable loss. Though her health had declined for months, her change came suddenly. Yet we doubt not, it found her watching. In her character, piety, intellect, and the domestic virtues were delightfully blended. Consistent, active, and useful in life, peaceful in death, she still lives in the light of her example, in the fruits of her labor.

D. P. L.

JOHN A. BARBER, of Epping, N. H., died of consumption, at Newark, N. J., Nov. 2, aged 21 years. Bro. B. experienced religion four years previous at a camp meeting in Epping, and soon after connected himself with the M. E. Church in this place, of which he remained a worthy member, till removed to the church triumphant.

CHAS. H. CHASE.

Epping, Jan. 9.

ABIAL GOODRICH died at his residence in this town, on the 2d day of the present month, aged 61 years. Bro. Goodrich experienced religion eight years ago last October, and soon connected himself with the M. E. Church. In his experience there was as clear and convincing evidence of the power of Divine grace to renew the heart and change the life as was ever known in this vicinity, and he has maintained his integrity, so that by all who know him, it is said, "He was a good man." The disease of which he died was consumption. A short time before his decease, he was asked if he had any doubts of his acceptance with God. "No," said he, "for I have sought the Lord with my whole heart." He has left a wife and five children, with other relatives who mourn their loss.

R. H. SPAULDING.

Enfield, N. H., Jan. 8.

SISTER LAURA HYDE departed this life in Mystic, Conn., Dec. 12, aged 60 years, in hope of a glorious immortality. She was suddenly called from time to eternity, but when the summons came, she was found ready. A life of 40 years spent in the service of God, bears unequivocal testimony to her numerous friends, that she died in the Lord, and that their loss is her infinite gain. The Methodist Episcopal Church in this place has lost one of its brightest ornaments; one that evinced her life and close walk with God, the truth of that Scripture, "blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

WM. TURKINGTON.

Mystic, Dec. 17.

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE BLACK LAW.

O ye, who in your own dear homes secure,
Ne'er feel the wrongs the bondman must endure;
Who idle talk, and still more idly write,
Of servile yielding to oppression's might,—
How can ye hear unmoved the orphan's bitter moan?
And heedless list the widow's ardent riven,
The virtuous maiden to the spoiler given,—
How can ye idly sit, and hope to be forgiven?

Yet we could hear to hear the Southern tell
His right to buy his brother or to sell,
His right to deal in human flesh and blood,
His right to set at naught the laws of God;
But O, to hear from Northern Christian men,
Who wield in sacred love the ready pen,
Who can expound the holy law of love,
That we must revere to our Maker prove.

Then we could hear to hear the Southern tell
His right to let the warm blood rush
To color cheek and brow,
Blush for the land of liberty;
Where festered millions bled;
Blush for the craven